The World.

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IF YESTERDAY WERE EVERY DAY.

NEW YORK had no Mayor yesterday.

Mayor McClellan had gone to his Princeton country place to spend a few days. President McGowan, of the Board of Aldermen, went to Albany to see about some legislation he wanted. T. P. Sullivan, vice-chairman of the Board of Aldermen, had gone to the Hot Springs, in Arkansas, to fit himself for the politics of the spring primaries.

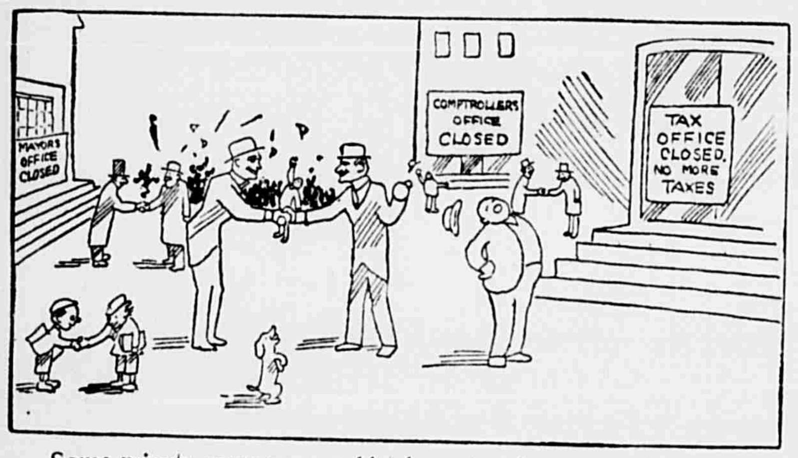
Suppose they all stayed away. Suppose none of them came back. Suppose the city government of New York dissolved. Would the community be better or worse off?

What would happen if there were no city government?

So far as the putting out of fires is concerned, the Board of Underwriters would promptly extend the fire patrol system so that it would do the work of the present fire department in the way of extinguishing fires in addition to its present work of seeking to protect property from fire loss. The expense of the new fire department would be met out of the fire insurance premiums, like the cost of the fire patrol now.

Since every property owner insures his property against loss by fire the additional cost of his insurance would be in all likelihood considerably less than the taxes his property pays now for the support of the fire department. The private watchman companies would immediately have additional customers. Other businesses would imitate the jewellers, the banks and the department stores in employing their own detective force.

The burglary insurance companies would combine with the watchman companies to sell insurance against burglaries and to provide police protection.



Some private company would take out a charter to utilize the Long Island underground water supply and to take over the Croton watershed. If the contract were left to a man like Gov. Hughes to draw, the water supply would be promptly increased and the water rates lowered. Such a company would not spend $7,921,110.93 in preliminary engineering and it would not invent a police force of a thousand men to patrol the Catskills.

The State Department of Education could take over the schools. If it gave the children of New York the same sound instruction in the three R's as country school children receive the change would be for the better and the saving would be millions of dollars.

What would become of the taxes? it may be asked. They would stay in the people's pockets. There would be no 6 per cent. revenue bonds, no check swaps between the First National and National City banks. No "Napoleons of Finance" outside of Wall street and bucket shops.

Come to think of it, the City of New York could get along a great deal more easily without its city officials than the city officials could get along without the salaries and automobiles which the city provides for them.

Letters from the People.

Suggests a Cure.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"C. R." asks for a remedy for jealousy. Jealousy is greed of affection. It is the selfish clamor of unloving thought. It is a parody of love, and always without excuse. Indulged, it becomes a diseased state of mind. Jealousy is not the expression of love. When affection becomes anxious, full of fear and alarms, it is no longer love, but love's parody. "C. R." lacks will power. To realize so poignantly a "taint" in his nature and go on coddling it is both foolish, weak and selfish. Tear it out, "C. R." Get a leverage on your will power. Tear up your jealousy by its vile roots. Don't be a selfish fool! F. S. C.

The Egg Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

After figuring over T. K.'s egg example I find that each son sells seven eggs for one cent, and sells as many sevens as there are contained in the amount of eggs he receives; and then sells the remaining eggs at three cents apiece. AARON I. DANN.

For Civil War Veterans.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I hear there is about to be introduced a bill to pension all veterans who served in the civil war for ninety days or more. Provision also should be made for the militia who were called for thirty days in '63, when the country most needed them, and who saw more service than many who received large bounties when the war was almost over. It strikes me, therefore, that all who were mustered into the United States service and were honorably discharged therefrom should be included in this bill, as all are getting old and very many are needy. I should like to see this discussed by readers. I hope some of our State and national representatives may see the justice of this and work to that end. NEEDY.

Chinese Tip for Banks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The accompanying lines may amuse readers. The verse appeared in the London Financial News some years ago:

They send no glittering statements out
When a bank goes to smash in China,
To show 'tis solvent beyond a doubt.
When a bank goes to smash in China,
No pitying tears you see them shed;
But they take a big cheese-knife instead
And amputate the president's head—
And banks never break in China.

J. SCHUTTE.

Origin of "Africa."

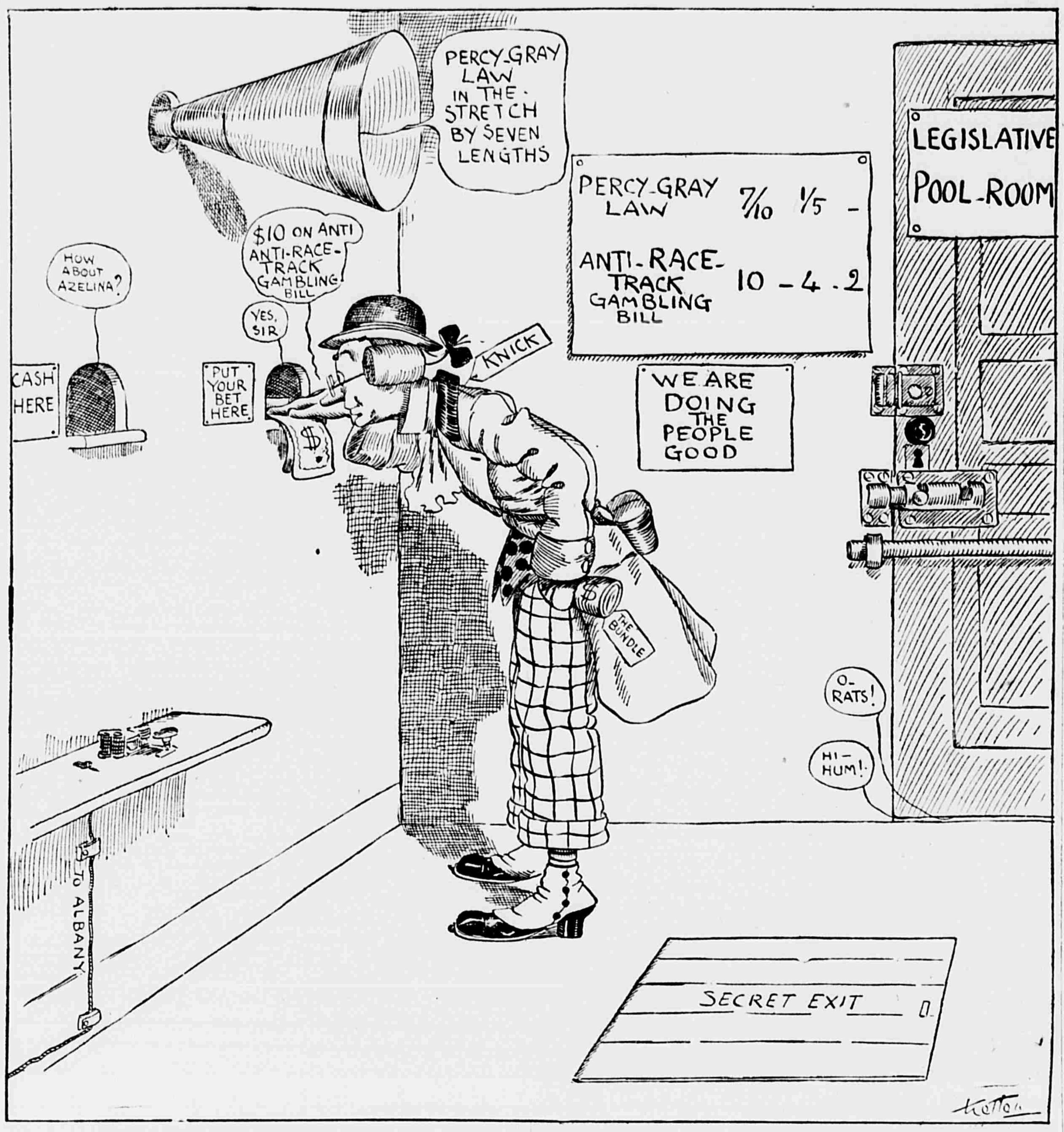
To the Editor of The Evening World:

How did the Continent of Africa come by its name? I. B. WALTERS,
Pleasant Plains, Staten Island.

The name "Africa" is derived from the old Phoenician word "Afer," which was the term applied to the early inhabitants of Carthage and other African cities.

Gambling vs. Anti-Gambling Gambling.

By Maurice Ketten



A Woman Caller May Be Both "Bore" and "Awful Gossip" But She's Sure of Sweet Treatment Once She Gets Inside.

By Roy L. McCardell.


Roy L. McCardell

"HERE comes Mrs. Hickett," said Mrs. Jarr, as she glanced out of the window. "What brings that woman here to-day? Oh, dear me, if she knew what a nuisance she was I'm sure she'd stay away!"

"Well, if you are going to have a visitor," said Mr. Jarr, "I'll duck."

"No, you stay just where you are, Mr. Jarr; she's the awfullest gossip there ever was, and if she sees you around maybe she won't stay long. I do hope she is just stopping in for a minute on her way somewhere else. Now, don't ask her to take off her things. I'm sure her company doesn't interest me. I don't care what my neighbors are doing. If they'll leave me alone I'll leave them alone, and, besides, I've always found it true that those who bring a tale will carry one!"

By the time Mrs. Jarr had finished these few remarks, which were accompanied with frowns and impatient shrugging of the shoulders, the vistor was at the door.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Hickett! How sweet of you to call!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr, kissing effusively the lady she thus greeted. "I was just saying to Mr. Jarr that I felt sure you were not going past the house again, for you know you owe me a call."

"I've just dropped in for a moment, so you mustn't consider this as a call. My sister in Brooklyn is ill, and I'm on my way to see her," replied the caller.

"Now, I know she is not so ill that you can't stay awhile!" said Mrs. Jarr, with one of her most engaging smiles. "Sit right down in that chair and take off your hat and wraps; take off your gloves and overshoes and just have a nice visit. I'll have the girl make a cup of tea, and you must tell me what is going on! As I was just saying to Mr. Jarr, Mrs. Hickett is such a well-informed woman, but she just despises gossip, and you never can get her to say a word about any one, but what I like best about her is that she is so well informed and, besides, she's always so cheerful—to have Mrs. Hickett around is perpetual sunshine!"

"I'm sure, though, that I have had enough trouble to sour the disposition of a saint!" said Mrs. Hickett, who was one of those dismal women who always wear mouldy looking mourning.

"Oh, don't say that!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure it must be the weather or illness that could depress you."

"Illness!" croaked Mrs. Hickett. "You may well say the word. I'd be a wealthy woman to-day but for what I've spent on doctors—thousands and thousands of dollars, my dear. I've tried homoeopaths and I've tried allopaths, and I've tried osteopaths, and now I am baking!"

"Baking?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Yes, baking. I go every day and have my—er—er—limbs baked, and the perspiration just rolls off me and it is torture, positive torture."

"Your sister is not well?" asked Mrs. Jarr to divert the lady from the recollections of her own sufferings.

"A stroke," said Mrs. Hickett, in a hollow tone. "At least, we think it's a stroke. She's not able to stand another operation. She's had twenty-six separate operations. I don't believe there is a woman in Brooklyn has had so many operations!" Mrs. Hickett said this proudly.

"Maybe a change of air will do her good; she should go away some place," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "Now, I remember when I had neuralgia so badly that for days and days and nights and nights I just walked the floor racked with agony, and the doctors"—

"The only change of air she will have will be when she is taken to Greenwood," said Mrs. Hickett, solemnly—it being a point with ladies never to allow others to suffer more than themselves or their immediate relatives.

"Oh, don't say that!" said Mrs. Jarr, with well simulated sympathy.

"I'm glad to say it," said Mrs. Hickett, with a groan. "I wouldn't like to see her like my Aunt Jane, bed-ridden for nineteen years; couldn't move a hand and had to be waited on like a baby. And my brother Thomas, look what he went through," continued the cheerful Mrs. Hickett. "All his bones turned to chalk, and if he tried to open a door he's break his arm at the wrist. Mr. Jarr knew him well. If I mistake not he helped carry Thomas home once when some one slapped him on the back and laid him up with spinal trouble. Where is Mr. Jarr?"

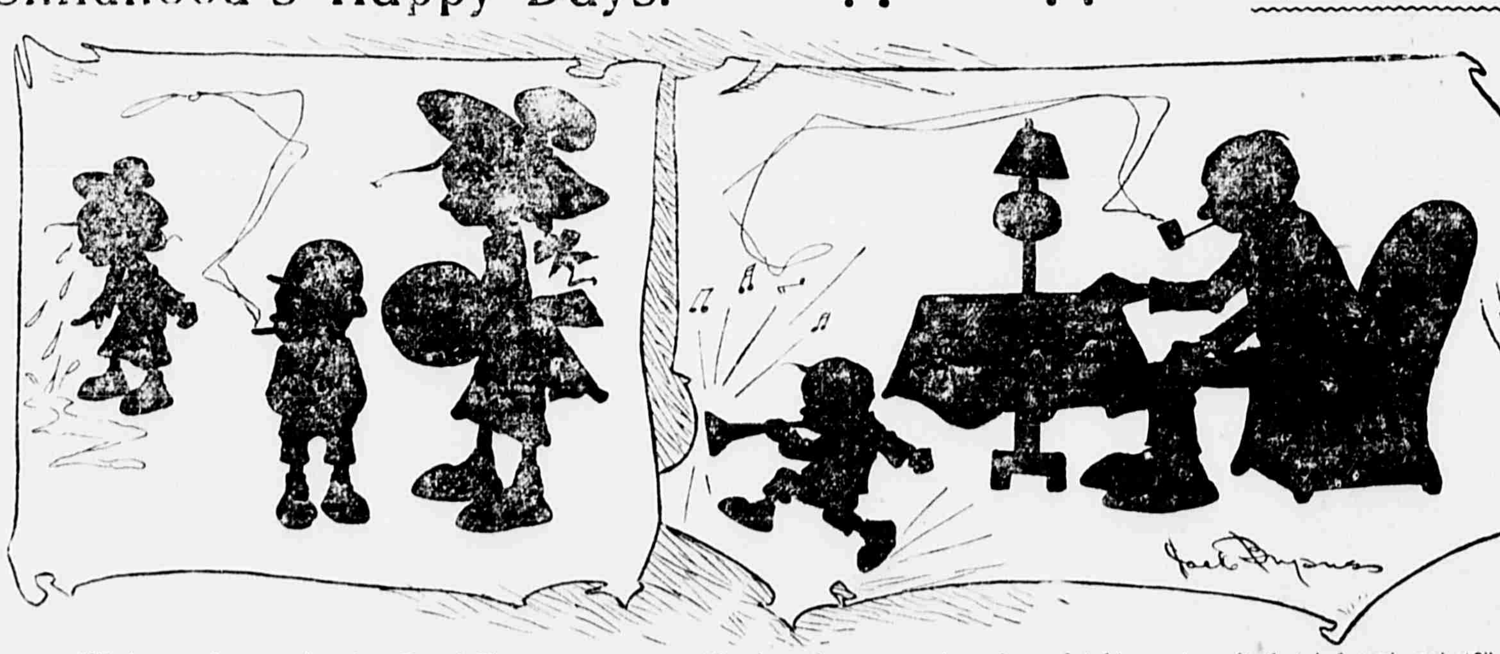
But Mr. Jarr had slipped away unobserved, and when he reached the office an unfortunate solicitor for a burial fund association just escaped assault at his hands when he approached him and started to talk shop.

The Names of British Inns.

By Frank Presbrey.

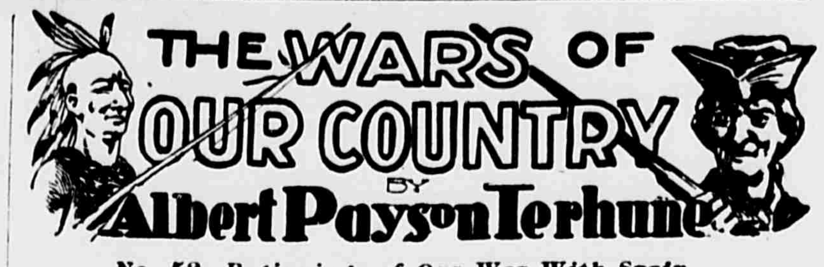
THE little inns which we passed going from London to Scotland, and even the wine shops, gloried in pretentious names which were generally displayed in illustrated signs hanging on brackets. We had great fun in watching for these odd signs and writing down some of the most unusual. We passed "The Red Bull," and in neighborly proximity "The Red Cow" and "The Dun Cow." "Sir John Barleycorn" was near enough to hear "The Five Bells," and just beyond this, as if not to be outdone in the bell line, the proprietor of one inn called his place "The Ring o' Bells." Later we passed "The Easy Chair" and "Wait for the Wagon," "The Nag's Head," "The Spread Eagle," and down near the end of the list we had recorded "The Black Boy" and "The Head, Hand and Stomach."—The Outing Magazine.

Childhood's Happy Days. By J. K. Bryans.



"Wot's yer sister crying for, Jimmie?"
"Aw, she read in some beauty column dat weepin' made de eyes soft and beautiful!"

"See here, how many times have I told you to quit that infernal racket?"
"I don't know, pa, I haven't learned to count yet!"



No. 52—Beginnings of Our War With Spain.

WHETHER the United States, in making war on Spain in 1898, acted on lofty humane principles, or in a spirit of hysterical and unwarranted interference; whether the war was a good or a decidedly bad thing for our country; whether it was justified or not—all these are questions our grandchildren will be better able to decide than can the present generation. The war is too recent for its causes, events and results to have reached the "perspective" needful to the forming of unbiased judgment. It remains only to recite these happenings without comment or partisanship.

The inhabitants of Cuba were constantly on bad terms with their Spanish masters. From almost the first days of the nineteenth century trouble had been brewing. In 1868 Cuba openly rebelled because Spain refused to grant the island certain reforms. A ten-year war followed. Spain conquered, but the islanders' discontent was not quelled. This resentment smouldered and in 1895 broke out into active—if largely guerrilla—warfare. Spain sent a large army under Gen. Weyler to put down the revolt. Weyler's cruelty, his wholesale slaughters, his driving of non-combatants into "reconcentrado" (concentration) camps and half starving them there—these and other brutalities not only won for their perpetrator the nickname of "Butcher," but worked powerfully on the sympathies of the American people.

An Era of Destruction.

Property interests of United States citizens in Cuba also suffered from the stagnation of trade caused by the frequent wars. One of the methods of the rebels was to destroy plantations and other local sources of wealth with the idea of devastating Cuba and making it worthless to Spain. Somewhat on the plan of burning a house to clear it of burglars.

The United States, in 1896, recognized the existence of the Spanish-Cuban war and declared a policy of absolute neutrality. But by 1898 affairs on the island had reached such a pitch of ruinous disorder that the press and people of this country clamored for intervention. Fitzhugh Lee, our Consul-General at Havana, reported that the 200,000 Spanish soldiers in Cuba could not succeed in crushing the insurgents and that the latter could not drive the Spaniards from their shores. Starvation and disease were terribly rife. Spain (unofficially) attributed the continued resistance of the rebels to secret aid and popular sympathy from the American people. Spaniards in Havana threatened Lee's life. Everything seemed at a very perilous deadlock.

With an idea of showing the outwardly cordial relations between our nation and Spain, the United States battleship Maine was despatched on Jan. 25, 1898, on a friendly visit to Havana Harbor. Spain met our Government half way by sending her battleship Vizcaya on a similar trip to New York. Neither visit did much to relieve the situation's ever-increasing strain. In fact, the Maine's arrival at Havana was looked upon by many Spaniards there as an insult. It was also thought, whether rightly or not, that the Yankee battleship had come thither to look after local American interests that were supposed to have been endangered by recent street disturbances in the Cuban capital. Day by day the dissatisfaction grew. On Feb. 15 the climax came.

Late that night the Maine, while lying at her anchorage in Havana Harbor, was blown to destruction by a floating mine. Of her sleeping crew no less than 260 were killed.

This incident lashed the people of the United States to a frenzy. Public opinion promptly placed the blame upon Spain. Few persons paused to consider that such a murderous, useless deed as the blowing up of the Maine would in no way serve Spain's purpose, and that it would, in fact, do her far more harm than good. Havana Harbor contained many mines. There were factions who would be far more benefited than Spain by an act which might precipitate war between that country and ours. But these were details that were for the time largely overlooked. A war wave swept the United States. Popular clamor deafened caution. American flags were everywhere displayed. Patriotism ran riot. More than one dark man who looked like a Spaniard was mobbed in the streets. Not for a quarter of a century had the public been so utterly aroused.

A Wave of "War Madness."

But the Government at Washington received at once from Spain a prompt denial of the slightest share in the outrage, and a courteous expression of regret that such a catastrophe should have occurred in Spanish waters. The official court of inquiry appointed by our Government failed to find Spain in any way to blame, and announced that there was "no evidence obtainable fixing the responsibility of the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons." Thus the Spanish nation was thoroughly exonerated.

But the mischief was done. The clamor for war would not be stilled. On March 8 Congress unanimously appropriated $50,000,000 for national defense. The army was mobilized and preparations for the coming conflict were hurried on. Congress and the Senate passed a resolution on April 13, declaring Cuba's right to freedom, ordering Spain to leave the island and authorizing President McKinley to use the whole United States army and navy to enforce the command. The Spanish Minister, receiving this document, at once left Washington, and United States Minister Woodford, at Madrid, was, on April 21, officially notified to get out of Spain. Woodford's expulsion marked the real beginning of hostilities. Congress declared on April 25 that war between the United States and Spain had existed ever since April 21. Next day the Spanish Government formally announced that war was on. A blockade of Cuba was proclaimed by President McKinley on April 21, and two days later a call was issued for 125,000 volunteers.

For the first time since 1815 the United States was at war with a European nation.

The Indicted Magnate's Lament,

By Martin Green.

I.

"IT'S an outrage!" cried the magnate, as he staggered to his cell;
"It is cruel persecution, thus to throw me into jail.
"My law advice was of the best; they said I couldn't fail
"To beat the case if Bill Jerome should ever raise a yell.

II.

"I never turned a crooked trick; the law and I are kin.
"I wouldn't sign a contract if my lawyer wasn't by.
"I always took instructions from the fliest of the fly
"On how to keep outside of jail—and here they've got me in.

III.

"The sacred rights of property I dearly do revere;
"I always told my lawyers, as we figured on our plans,
"That if evasion wouldn't do, we'd better hold our hands,
"And get the Legislature to revise the law next year.

IV.

"The ordinary man don't know how earnestly I've sought
"To hedge around my every act with safeguards fit to stand
"Against the mad attacks of e'en the highest in the land—
"A million dollars wouldn't pay for what advice I've bought.

V.

"I love the Constitution; I have gathered up some wealth;
"My lawyers always told me that my trail was free and clear.
"They tell me even now that I've no cause to think of fear—
"I wish they'd get me out of here—the place will ruin my health.
"The country's surely going to smash—you cannot but agree—
"When they indict a law-protected citizen like me."

(Business of clanking chains.)

The First Test of Baby's Mind.

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

JUST as the germ of the flower is contained in the tiniest seed and will reveal itself with an absolute certainty as will rootlets and leaves when proper conditions of heat, moisture and light are accorded, so the germ of the mind of a child is present in his little body and will develop and unfold itself with the growth of the latter.

The only way to stop the growth of a child's mind is to stop his body from growing. Appetite is the mother of the mind, and muscle is its father. At its lowest estimate the body with its brain is the tool of the mind, and good work cannot be done without good tools.

The first test of muscular vigor, the hand grasp, is an indication of the mental possibilities as well. Not one child out of a hundred who at ten days of age grasps firmly and clings to a finger or pencil rubbed against his pink little palm will ever fall below the average intelligence of his race.—Woman's Home Companion.